MEMORY.

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM BY CHARLOTTE BRONTE. From Cornhill.

When the dead in their cold graves are lying Asteep, to wake never again. When past are their smiles and their sighing, Oh! why should their memories remain!

Though sunshine and spring may have lightened. The wild flowers that blow on their graves: Though summer their tembstones have brightened, And autumn have pair'd them with leaves;

Though winter have wildly bewailed them
With her dirgs wind, as sad as a knell;
Though the shroud of her snow-wreath have veiled them,
stn!, how deep in our bosoms they dwell!

The shadow and sun-speride vanish.
The cloud and the light fleet away:
But man from his heart may not banish
Ev'n thoughts that are torment to stay.

The reflection departs from the river,
When the free that imag o'er is cut down;
But on Memory's calm current for ever
The sande, without substance, is thrown,

When quenched in the glow of the ember,

When the life-bre ceases to burn, a! why should the spirit remember? Oh! why should the parted return!

Because that the fire is still shining.

Because that the lamp is still bright;
While the body in east is reclining.
The soul fives in glory and fight.

FERNALD'S MISTAKE.

TRAVELLING WITH HALF A MILLION.

In the vaults of the Rothschild banking-house at Frankfort-on-the-Main there sat a young man, about thirty years of age, before a large open travelling trank, which differed from others of the same kind only in being lined with zine, and having ewo extremely complicated locks. He held in his hand a paper covered with figures, and beside him were two clerks, one quite an old man, who together packed the trunk with slender rouleaus of saining gold.

"Six thousand dorins more make one hundred thousand," said the old man.

"that is right, Keblar," answered he who was scated, looking at his list.

Other kinds of coin came in their order: packet after packet was laid in the trunk, until it was nearly full.

"This will be very heavy," said Keblar, after counting and packing for some time.

counting and packing for some time.

"It will indeed," replied the young man, who was named Fernald; "but ten thousand foreign pistoles must still go in."

Kebbir continued his work in silence. When it was finished, he reised one end of the trank, to test the weight

it was busined, it.
to test the weight.
"Can it so?" asked Fernald, anxiously.
"Yes, I suppose so; but if comments are made
about it, you had better say you are carrying about it, you had better say you are carrying specimens of hardware."

"That is a capital idea. Now give me the

key."

Keblar took out of his pocket a steel ring, from which hung keys of all sizes and shapes, and selecting one, handed it to Fernald, who, after locking the trunk, pocketed it carefully with his line.

list.
"I must now receive the Baron's final orders, and take my leave of him," sail Fernald. "Send the trank to my lodgings, Keblar, and with it the letters I am to take to Vienna."
"I will attend to it, sir," said the old man.
All three then left the strong, heavily-fastened room, and Keblar closed the iron door securely effer him.

him. Fernald was from an old burgher family of Frankfort; he was an employe in the great Rothschild banking business, and had a department which proved that the head of the establishment placed implieft confidence in his integrity. The Baron now entrusted him with a commission to his brother in Vienna, where he was to take the immense sum of nearly half a million of money. He went directly from the vault to Baron Rothschild's counting-room, where his final instructions were given him. As the great man dismissed him, he inquired: "Do you take a servant with you?"

vant with you?"
"Yes, Baron, my old Conrad."
"Is he an old man?"
"Old, but trusty"

for the morrow, finding he had the evening before him, he resolved to spend it with a small reunion which he knew would be assembled at the house of the Secretary of Legation.

Fernald had made the acquaintance of this gentleman by transacting business with him at the bank, and having once accepted an invitation to his house he frequetly directed his steps to its hospitable threshold; for he found there a powerful magnet, and was now a regular guest on the evenings when Mr. von Fridburg received his friends.

This being one of these occasions, Fernall soon.

on the evenings when Mr. von Fridburg received his friends.

This being one of these occasions, Fernald soon found himself in the midst of a gay and fashionable company. After paying his respects to the lady of the house, and chatting familiarly with one or two acquaintances, he turned toward a lady, the centre of a group of gentlemen, who all paid marked attention to her brilliant and animated conversation. She was about six-and-twenty years old, had large sparkling black eyes, great profusion of dark hair, clear, pale complexion, and an exquisitely shaped head; and although the first bloom of youth was passed, this young widow was so cultivated, piquant, and witty, that she was always surrounded by admirers. She had lately come to Frankfort, having always lived upon the Lower Rhine, but being quite independent since the death of her husband had taken up her abode in what she declared to be her favorite city. She had become acquainted with Mme, von Fridburg by occapying the next box at the opera for a wincle season, and had been received, through her, into a few families. The ladies considered her too coquettish, but the gentlemen scemed to think she had no faults, and Fernald was especially attentive.

"So you are going to Vienna," she said, as

rank she had no lands, and Fernan was especially attentive.

"So you are going to Vienna." she said, as Fernald took a vacant chair near her, and the other gentlemen, one by one, withdrew.

"Yes, Mme. Bernard: to-morrow very early," answered the young man. "If I can do anything for you there, it will give me the greatest pleasure."

pleasure."

"Ch, thank you! I have not any commissions for Vienna; indeed, I know no one in all the city. Do you remain long?"

"I go on business that will only detain me a few days; but even that is too long, for my heart will be here."

Mill be here."

Mine. Bernard threw her head back with a very animated gesture, and half-turning to him, said meckingly:

"And do you expect me to believe that?" Any young man must be rejuiced to travel in this

"And do you expect me to believe that? Any young man must be rejoiced to travel in this lovely spring weather, especially to so gay and fascinating a place as Vienna."

"It grieves me that my assurance is met with such total unbelief," said Fernald. "I feel inclined to quote the old German proverb: "Women will believe anything but the truth."

"Well, that is quite natural," replied Mme. your Bernard, laughing. "It is very hard to believe what is disagreeable, and truth almost glways is so."

"Are the feelings and emotions which your sex inspire in the hearts of men so disagreeable and incredible?"

She blushed slightly, but shrugged her shoulders, and was about to make some saucy reply, when

She blushed slightly, but shragged her shoulders, and was about to make some saucy reply, when a servant, approaching, said a few words in an undertone, and handed her a small folded paper.

"The young man is below, and awaits an answer," Fernald heard him say.

Mme von Bernard channed color visibly; she tore open the note, read it hastily, and turning to the servant, said:

"Tell him yes. All is right."

The servant withdrew. Fernald, who felt himself overpowered by jeclousy at this little scene, whispered sarcastically:

"So you have a secret correspondence?"

whispered sareastically:

"So you have a secret correspondence?"

She nodded, smiling abstractedly, rose and went into the ante-room, where she seemed to wish to be alone. In this, however, she was not gratified, for several young men approached, and tried to draw her into conversation. Fernald, who had followed at a little distance, could not but observe how shortly and laconically she answered them; it seemed almost as if her eye sought him; and lo? he was not mistaken—she bowed a somewhat haughty dismissal to the surrounding group, and went directly across to Fernald.

"Listen to me, Mr, Fernald," she said, described

Listen to me, Mr. Fernald," she said, drawing "Lister to me, Mr. Ferniau, Sa. Sariy to-morrow morning to Vienna-what would you say if I proposed your taking charge of a lady thither?"

"A lady? A friend of yours? I should be most happy.—" "Do not speak so loud, I beg. I do not allude to a friend, but to myself."

"You? Impossible!"

"I have this moment received some news which obliges me to go directly to Vienna." "To Vienna? But you just said you knew

one—
I said so; but I have since learned that an
I, my only relative, has been taken sudly ill there, passing through on her way

aunf, my only relative, has been taken suddenly ill there, passing through on her way from Italy."

"I am truly sorry for the cause," said Fernald, but I am thankful that I am to have such a delightful companion; for nothing in the world would make me so happy as to have you accept a seat in my carriage."

"Then will you, like a true knight, protect me from all the dangers of the way? Oh! one thing more. I have a servant whom I would like to take with me. On such a journey, a maid is only a nuisance, but a man is always useful."

ful."
A very good idea, and suits me exactly," eried roald. "Is he young, strong and trusty?"
He possesses all these qualities, and is an

"He possesses all these qualities, and is an excellent servant.

"Then I will leave my own at home, as he will be quite unnocessary. So it is settled, we take your man."

"There is still a little difficulty," said Mme, you Bernard, thoughtfully; "his name is not en my passport, and he has none of his own, and as one cannot be precured this evening. I fear you will get into trouble. You see," she said, with her most gracious smile, "your travelling commanion begins already to annoy you."

"On the contrary, I was happy to say I can serve you also in this difficulty," cried Fernald. "The Baron has put me in possession of a paper that will be an 'open sesame' for all police regulations."

that will be an open sesame' for all police regulations."

"I thank you from my heart," said Mme. Bernard, with a beaming look, "Pray tell no one of my sudden flight; for I should have to arswer a thousand questions, prompted by merridle curiesity, and that is so tiresome. Goodnight! At what time shall I be ready in the morning?"

"If 5 o'clock is not too early, I will call for you at that hour."

"Very well. Once more, good-night!"

She left nim in such a state of loyful excitement, that he could only think of the pleasure he promised himself on the morrow, and never reflected for a minute upon the fact that a note brought by a young man caused her strange uneasiness, even before orening it. As the company now had no longer attractions for him, he departed unobserved, in order to take the rest needful for his early journey.

II.

It was precisely 5 o'clock on the following morning when Fernald drove up to Mmevon Pernard's dwelling, in the Euron's comfortable covered carriage, drawn by two stout horses. The important trunk wes firmly serewed on behind. The house door opened as they stopped, and a young man in gray livery came out and, bewing respectfully, announced that Mone. Bernard would be ready directly. He then brought out a small trunk and handbox, and put them upon the box. In a few numbers Nime. Bernard appeared, closely veiled, and enveloped in a costly india shawl. Fernald sprang to meet her, and lifted her in with assiduous care. He then sented himself beside her, the servant closed the door, sprang up beside the postilion, who cracked his whip, and of they started at a brisk trot.

The posthorn sounded, and the carriage elattered so over the stony pavement that conversation at first was impossible; but soon the wheels rolled lightly along the smooth highway, and Fernald began covereing, obtaining, however, only abstracted replies from his companion. He observed that she lacked that case which she usually possessed in such a remarkable degree. Did anxiety for her aunt trouble her? Or did she regret the unconventional step she had taken in placing herself under his protection." Either was probable; but Fernald thought more of the latter, and remembered, with a thrill of joy, that she could not now draw back. Soon their conversation came to a standstill, and Mone, von Fernard threw herself back and closed her eyes, as if to regain her morning map.

When they arrived at the first station, where

Harding III and the second of the second of

"Yes, Baron, my oid Conrad."

"Is he an old man?"

"Gld, but trusty."

"Well, you know him better than I: but, my dear fellow, trust no one further than you can see idm, for we have so many people in the business, that this journey is no secret: if there should be a traitor among us, our gold and your throat run a great risk. Here," he added, "is a document frong the Austrian Embassy to the head of the police department, so that in case of need a force can be immediately placed under your direction. Now, farewell, my young friend, and may God protect you!"

"Have no anxiety, Baron: I shall doubtless be unmolested. As soon as I reach Vienna, I will announce the fact to you," said Ferhald, taking his credentials.

"Do so; and once more farewell."

Fernald intended to start the following morning at two o'clock, and to travel in the Baron's calcelle with post-increes; for at the date of our narrative railroads were unknown in the country. It was in the year 1833, shortly after the so-called "Frankfort riot."—that held outbreak of rash students upon the city police which led to so many stringent and annoying rules and regulations.

After Fernald had completed his preparations for the morow, finding he had the evening before him, he resolved to spend it with a small reamion which he knew would be assembled at the house of the Secretary of Levand here to Mine. Pernald he saw a peculiar to take him that there was no time to obtain his passport.

"Very well; then he cannot go; we have the most stringent orders, replied the official, in a phlermatic but interly resolute tone.

Fernald saw that she tured pale, and she cast a helphess look at him.

"The source office, replied the official is about the official brought of the official brought back the passports and any time to obtain his passport.

"Use when the time to otale him that there was no time to otale him that the tone of the official brought of the official brought back the piece time to take him and the plant him that he would be assembled at the house of the Co

After a while the official brought back the pass-ports, and as the young man turned quickly to find hers to Mne. Pernard he saw a peculiar look of intelligence pass between herself and the servant. He felt a sudden pang of jealousy; but he instantly suppressed it, and thought: "What folly! I ought to be ashumed of myself," and jumped into the carriage, which started directly.

ectly.
"It will be better," said Fernald, "to have an servant mass for mine the rest of the way-"It will be better," said Fernald, "to have your servant pass for nine the rest of the way-it simplifies the affair."

"Oh, thank you?" replied his comparion eagerly; "but I had no idea the police were so strict."

"They are—especially now. I must know the name of your man."

"His name is Lippman—Otto Lippman."

"From Frankfort?"

"No, not from there; you come from Nassau, do you not, Lippman?"

"From Hadamar, Madame," answered the youth, who leaned back to reply to his mistress's question.

question, Fernald thought he saw ugain an expression is

youth, who leaned back to reply to his mistress's question.

Fernald thought he saw again an expression in the man's eyes that was exceedingly disagreeable to him, for he telt 'that he had a spy upon his movements, if nothing else. In consequence, conversation flarged still more. Fernald tried to talk with his companion about her former place of residence, but found it impossible to draw her out; she appeared ill at ceas and anxious. Was her anxiety on account of her servant?

One thing was certain—there was something peculiar about this man. He talked at times with the postilion, a sulley-looking, broad-shouldered fellow, with a villainous sear across his brow and nose; the carriage made such a noise that Fernald could not hear what they said, but observed that the servant spoke very pure German, and certainly rot the Hadamar dialect. Sometimes he looked round into the carriage, and glanced at his mistress with an expression decidedly not suitable for a servant. He were, as was proper, rough leather gloves; but as he drew one of them off Fernald saw a delicate white hand, with beautifully-shaped nails—a hand which desidedly could not belong to a servant.

Fernald became more uncomfortable as time went on. Had this charming woman, with whom he was more in love than he had confessed to himself, deceived him about this fellow?—was he a lover in disguise, whom she took with her? Did he, in his simple good nature, assist at an elopement? Was this why the passport was not forthcoming? Might not the stery of the sick aunt have been improvised for the occasion? How often had he heard Mmc, Pernard called coquettish and imprudent; and above all, why must he remember just now that m one really knew anything about her?

All these thoughts rushed tunultuously through his mind and rendered him thoroughly wretched. He finally leaned back in the corner of the carringe and closed his eyes. He wished to appear to sleep, however ungaliant this might seem, in order to observe if any communication passed between mistress and serva

man!"
The servant replied respectfully: "Well,

man!"
The servant replied respectfully: "Well, Madame?"
"Did you remember to put my crochet needle into the trank?"
"Yes, Madame: I packed it."
At first Fernald's heart beat high with joy, for the tone and question was only that suitable to a servant, but he presently reflected that a man did not usually take charge of such articles as crochet needles and the like, and he began to suspect that the question was put to test the reality of his slumbers. He resolved, therefore, still to feign sleep for awhile. The carriage went very slowly, for they were come to a hountainous region, where the road ascended woody hills, and then plunged into deep valleys. The horses went apparently with great difficulty, and as the carriage no longer rattled Fernald could hear distinctly each word spoken upon the box.
The postilion crucked his heavy whip in vain, the horses strained every herve, but could go no faster: finally he said with an oath: "What cursedly heavy baggage!"
"You only have three passengers and two trunks," replied Lippman. "I am sure that is not much."
"No, not much," answered the postilion, "but they are heavy enough."
"Then you cannot be accustomed to carry much baggage?"
"I am not accustomed to carry such; they are

baggage? I am not accustomed to carry such, they are very rare, said the postilion, with a short, dry laugh.

"What are rare? Such trunks as ours?"
"Why, yes. A man does not often see one exactly like that serewed on behind us," said the tilion, knowingly.
I know nothing about it," replied Lippman.

ostilion, knowingly.

"I know nothing about it," replied Lippman, curty.

This conversation forced upon Fernald an unpleasant discovery: namely, that the driver knew the contents of his trunk. It occurred to him that he would have preferred that this villanous-looking person who drove him through this solitary and thickly wooded region should not have known that he had with him half a million of money. His thoughts, however, were so taken up with Mme. Bernard and her servant that this only caused him a moment's uncasiness.

The carriage stopped, so that Fernald felt obliged to awake suddenly, and saw the postilion and his companion alight, that the weary horses might have less to earry. Soon they fell back and commenced talking carriestly and rapidly. Fernald wondered if they were conversing about the trunk, perhaps laying some plot, and he regretted most heartily that he had exchanged his own trusty servant for this detestable young man. Involuntarily his hand fell upon the two loaled revolvers in the pocket of the carriage; then turning to his companion, he commenced an animated conversation. She now appeared at ease, and more like herself than before, and as he met the glance of her beautiful eyes and listened to her clear voice he felt truly ashamed of his doubts.

After the two men had resumed their sext on

and the companion and the secreedy and recovering about the trains, perhaps having some plot, connected in the prairies of the secretary and the trains, perhaps having some plot, connected and the trains of the secretary and the trains of the secretary and the provinces in the poster of commenced an antimate conversation. She more appeared a case, and as here the carry of the beart of the secretary and the secretary and more like berself than before, and as here the carry of the beart of the beart of the secretary and the secretary and more like berself than before, and as here the carry of the secretary and the secr

Do you not?"

This was said with the mest artless manner and the sweetest of sulles; but neither had its usual effect upon the encouper man.

"Does she try to play with me?" he asked himself, grimly. "Madame," be answered, somewhat brusquely, "I need not ascure you that your company is agreeable to me at any time, but I must confess to you that the presence of citio Lippman is far from being so. The man is no servant; his livery is a mesquerade; and while on the one hand your want of confidence wounds me to the quick, on the other I have reasons of my own for asing very watchied and suspicious of a strange companion."

"Is the young man your brother?" cried

"He is my brother," replied Mmc. Bernard.
"He is my brother," replied Mmc. Bernard.
"But why is he thus discussed?"
"This discusse he was obliged to take in consequence of his mad folly, in which he persisted, deaf to all entreaties. He is a student in his first year at Heidelberg, and came here to take part in that outbreek, the particulars of which you know so well. Being compromised deeply by it, he took refuse with me, instead of exaping to a foreign land, and I have concealed him for two months past."

to a foreign land, and I have conscaled atm for two montes past."

"This, then, is the meaning of the riddle!" said Fernald, ready to ask her pardon upon his knees for his base doubts.

"This is the secret," said she, "which I give unreservedly into your keeping."

"And now you intend to pass him on in this discusse?"

"That is my intention. At first escape was im-

im stay in the servants' hall."
"Very well, as you like." Then turning to the

d="Only two".

And what kind of note did Lippman hand you now?" asked Fermid, in a low tone, turning ast now?" asked Fermid, in a root o his companion.

She changed color slightly, saying: "Did you e that, too?"
"My eye observes very watchfully all that con-

"My eye observes very watchfully all that concerns you in any way."

"It appears," she said, glancing at him with a bright smile, "that nothing escapes you."

"May I not know the contents of this note?"

"That you never shall," answered she, quickly.

"More secrets still!"

"I submit to any yoke you lay upon me."

With these words he was about to take her hand, but she turned from him, blushing decely, and at the same instant the hostess enterel with a smoking soup-tureen.

"Tell the postilion to harness, while we dine," said Fernald.

"I think he is doing so now," replied the

think he is doing so now," replied the Then he can wait," replied Fernald carelessly. 111.

When they had spent half an hour at the table, Mme. Bernard told the maid to call her servant, and Fernald sent for the postilion to drive up. After some time the maid returned and said she could not find the servant, and the postilion had driven on in advance.
"Gone on! without me!" cried Fernald in as-

"Gone on: without me;" cried remaid in as-tonishment.

"Did you not order him to do so?" asked the hostess, who had just entered, and seemed rather disturbed; "they tell me be drove away like mad."

"Worse and worse!" exclaimed Fernald; "but why did I not hear it roll away?" why did I not hear it roll away?"
"You said the carriage must not remain standing in the street, so he drove out the back way, from which a lane leads to the city gate."

"Now heaven help me!" cried Fernald in the greatest excitement. "Send for the burgomaster—mounted police—and a hundred thalers to any ene who will have a horse ready saddled in ten minutes—a fast one, mind!"

Great confusion ensued: some ran for the burgomaster—others for the police, and Fernald in a few minutes saw a strong fresh horse before the door. The reins were already in his hand, but he dropped them, and turned to Mme. Lernard, who came to the window, pale and frightened, and calling in vain for Lippman.

"Is he not there? Have you not yet found this Lippman?" cried Fernald, with an indescribably scenful emphasis on the name.

"Heaven only knows where he is," she replied, bursting into tears.

"Ob. but I know too well," cried he, bestde himself with rage and disappointment. "I see himself with rage and disappointment. "I see

"Oh, but I know too well," cried he, bestde himself with rare and disappointment. "I see I am the victim of a plot; yes, of the most abomin-able, infamous plot ever planned." With these words he leaped into the saddle, just as the burgomaster, a fat man in his shirt-sleeves, came running breathlessly round the corner.

As he caught sight of Fermild he nodded gayly, and soon drew up before the amazed and overjoyed man. "Here are your carriage and voirtrank all safe, Mr. Fernald," be cried, spriming
from the lox. "Heaven be praised that I have
been able to save it for you!

"You-y'm saved it." said Fernald, breachlessly, feeling as if a sentence of death had been
remattle.

me to the quick, on the other I have reasons of my own for using very whichial and suspicious of a strange companion.

At these words Mme. Bernard turned as pale as ashes. She looked at him in silence, as if summed, and approaching him half whispered:

"Have you, then, discovered this "
"Have you, then, discovered this "
"Have perceived it; and must ask you, decidedly, for an explanation "
"You are right—quite right," she answered, quickly. "I have treated you unfairly, but Heaven knows it was not my fault. I have the measured sound of horses feet approaching with generality, but most perfect confidence in your mobleness and most perfect confidence in your mobleness and generosity, but my brother wished—he required it, or I should at once have tall you, Herr Fernald."

"Your brother wished—required?"
"Your brother wished—required?"
"Your brother wished—required?"
"Sanking."

to it is should at once have told you, herr

Fernald." Your brother wished—required?"

"It is of my crother that you were speaking," the whispered, in the greatest excitement. "I the whispered, in the greatest excitement." I the whispered, in the greatest excitement. "I the whispered, in the greatest excitement." I precious trunk." There I sat, "continued the young man, "and will confess all to you. It is right that you should know the whole—"

"Is the young man your brother?" cried Fernald, loyfully.

"He is my brother," replied Mme. Bernard.

"But why is he thus obscribed?"

"This disculse be was obliged to take in consequence of his mad folly, in which he persisted, deaf to all entreaties. He is a student in lats first year at Heidelberg, and came here to take part in that outbreek, the particulars of which you know so well. Being compromised deeply by it, he took refuge with me, instead of escaping to a foreign land, and I have concealed him for many the content of the child. A road led off into the woods, and there stood the postilion with the scar, awaiting the booty with folded arms. His horses were by him, and he had evidently come to take change of the trunk and carry it off, fleaven knows where.

charge of the trank and carry has knows where.

This was an unpleasant discovery for me. "This was an unpleasant discovery for me. I racked my brains to think how to deal with them, but resolved to leave it to my lucky \$tars.

"There you are," I heard the fellow with the scar call out. 'Has all turned out well?'

"Why not?' was answered from the box. 'Come, drive off your horses, they must not be found here.'

"The other led his beasts into the middle of the road, terned their heads homeward and gave them some sharp cuts, which set them off in full trot. The next moment would have discovered me, and I dared not be found weaponiess. I shipped from the trunk, glided

"And now you intend to pass him on in this disentee?" "That is my intention. At first escape was impossible: the police were so strict that we were obliged to wait. Lately I have been daily more anxious and impatient, and hast night, when a friend of my brother's brought me a note suggesting this plan. I was glad to avail myself of it. Here, briefly, you have the whole story, "she concluded: "and now you know all!"

"Yes, enough to make me heartily ashamed to stand before yon," said Fernald, "and you cannot imagene how happy it makes me to be of servec to you."

She gave him her hand with a look of gratitude, and he pressed it ensertly to his lips.
"Believe me," he said, "not a hair of your brother's head shall be injured; I will answer for it with my life. But what will you do—not take him to Vienna, strely?"

"No, indeed. I intend to go as far as Salzburg only; there he can reach Switzerland without feer. ""

"Without doubt, an excellent plan," said Fernald; "but shall I, then, only accompany you as far as Salzburg?" he added, in a mclameholy tone.

Mme, Bernard did not answer, but laid her finger on her lips, for just then the maid entered to lay the 'sable.
"Lay three plates," said he to the latter "Oh, that is quite unnecessary," whispered for the master and servant to eat together. Let him stay in the servants to eat together. Let him stay in the servants to eat together. Let him stay in the servants to eat together. Let him stay in the servants to eat together. Let him stay in the servants to eat together. Let him stay in the servants to eat together. Let him stay in the servants to eat together. Let him stay in the servants hall."

"Yerr well, as you like." Then turning to the the road, turned though from a below well and in the trained of all in full road. The most is most of the stand of all in full road. The most is the full fail and the trained and as their back of the stand of all in the carriage, and, as their back of the stand of

position I am in. I believed awhile ago that you and your sister had conspired together to rob and cheat me."

"The devil you did:" said the youth, frowning: "that looks bad."

"I hate and despise myself for it: but it is so."

ing: "that looks bad."

"I hate and despise myself for it: but it is so."

"Then one of us must shoot the other," said Dorneck soberly.

"The pistols are in the carriage. I will give you satisfaction if you demand it."

"My sister is very fond of me and cares a little for you, so that would not mend the matter," said the student, in a it of laughter. "It is best not to take it too tragically. A man who has charge of half a million may well be suspicious. I have never been in such a predicament, and trust I never shall be; but, after due consideration. I pardon you."

"That is noble and generous of you; but—your sister?"

"As you have confessed your fault so openly to me. I promise not to tell her anything about it."

"But I was so angry and excited that I told her myself."

"Fie! that was a false move."

"Non you see how unhappy I am."

"Nonsense! you have your money again; that is the principal thing."

"Not at all; no money could console me for the treasure I have lost."

Dorneck threw a keen glance at him. In the despair which Fernald's features so plainly showed there seemed to be something that amused him.

"Let us hope for the best," he said finally, with a roguish smile. "I think if you fail that I can assist you even at the worst."

A rider just then came to neet them. It was a gendarme, whom the tardy burgomaster had just dispatched.

They told him of the adventure, and sent him in search of the wounded man.

At last they reached the town. Fernald's heart beat high as he alighted at the gate, where the hostess and burgomaster stood, surrounded by a gaping crowd, to whom they were explaining which fernald cat short, and after asking the burgomaster for an armed guard for the earling, he promised to report to him shortly with Dorneck.

"Heaven proteet me if I am to appear before the Government officials," whispered the latter.

"Never mind," replied Fernald; "I will be

tions, which Fernald out short, and, after asking the burgomaster for an armed guard for the eartinge, he promised to report to him shortly with Dorneck.

"Heaven protect me if I am to appear before the Government officials," whispered the latter.

"Never mind," replied Fernald; "I will be security for you—now for your sister.

Madame von Bernard bad gone to her room in a state of agitation perfectly indescribable, and gring to the window had seen their return. She now flew to meet them and threw herself into her irother's arms.

"Oh, Leenard! Leonard!" she cried, weeping, "what have I suffered on your account!"

Dorneck disengaged himself gently from her, and leading her brock into her room said, as he becknoted Fernald to follow:

"Dear Frida, I truly believe you have been in great distress, but it is all over now that we three are together again; but here is one whose grief is for greater, for he feels he does not deserve his good fortune, since he has insulted you unpardonably."

Madame grew pale and was about to turn away; but her brother seized her hand and said:

"However unpardonable it was, still you must forgive him, Frida; nothing else will do. For I can assure you most solemuly that the recovery of half a million of money did not console him for the loss of your favor. I think one should forgive such repentance as that proves!"

Mme. Bernard looked with a smile at her handsome brother, and then shyly at Fernald, who, at this captivating glance, fell upon his knees and raised her hand to his lips.

"Oh, do not let me suffer all my life for the fault of one evil moment!" he eried fervently.

"You have wounded me deeply," she replied, hesitatingly; "but, if my brother speaks truly, I shall be abliged to pardon you and make peace. So, rise and tell me all that has happened since you left me in so different a way," she added archly.

"You restore life to me," said Fernald, spring to his feet. "Let your Forther tell you all about the rescue, which he alone and unaided performed, and in the mean time. I wi

which were necessary for the arrest of the two

After this they were obliged to wait in this After this they were obliged to wait in this little town and amuse themselves as well as they could until an answer came from the great Baron in Frankfort. Mine, von Bernard had now an opportunity to heap burning coals of fire on Fernald's head, and in spite of this made him happier than he had ever been in his life. And when the Baron's answer came, in a few days, with congratulations that all had turned out so well, and with Dorneck's passport vised according to order, he might also have added congratulations to the happy couple on their engagement.

The next morning two calcelies stood before the inn. One contained Mine. Bernard and her scanegrace of a brother, who were going to Heidelberg, whence she was to return to Frankfort. Fernald was in his own, on the top of which sat a royal Bayarian gendarme to protect the precious

Fernald was in his own, on the top of which sat a royal Bayarian gendarme to protect the precious trunk the rest of the way to Vienna.

One fortnight after he returned safely to Frankfort, having delivered the valuable trunk to the proper authorities, and bringing with him a most acceptable gift for his betrothed—the full and entire pardon of her brother.

Their marriage soon took place, and from that day forward Fernald never found cause to regret the journey he had taken with half a million of money.—The Argusy.

A BORDER HOMECOMING.

Oswald Barron in The Academy.

Two weeks agone, or maybe three,

The Johnstons came a visiting me.
The slew the ewes and they drave the cow.
They took my man from the stilts of the plough
And hanged him on the yew-tree bough.
But I have ridden a fray since then
And countered with the Annar men;
And Annan men are a man to lack—
He took my long spear in the back;
I drave it in through plate and jack. Hanging down from a girdle frayed,

carry a goodly Spanish blade.

Let no man have me in his scorn

Although my buff be stained and torn—

wot I ride a gentleman born.

Japanese, Chinese, Turkish & India Goods

877, 879 Broadway. THIS WEEK,

Special Sale

925 Carpets, Rugs and Portieres and Portieres,

COMPRISING 100 Daghestan and Persian Rugs \$6.00 150 Shirvan Rugs - - -500 Japanese Hand-Woven Rugs \$2.50 100 Bandad Portieres - . \$7.75

75 Turkish and India Car India Carpets,

CREAM.
BLUE.
TERRA-COTTA,
BLUE.
CAMEL.
CREAM.
BLUE.
CREAM.
BLUE.
CREAM.
BLUE. BLUE. BLUE. RED. CAMEL REA-COTTA CREAM.
TERRA-COTTA.
CAMEL.
RED.
CREAM.
RED.

e other indications that the man was about to move, in, after a few minutes, the man who had his ms knocked out appeared at the door, the physician ded him a package with the remark;

amination of them."

"My brains!"

"Yes; I'm the physician at the hospital, and these are your brains. We've finished ex..."

"th, yes; my brains, well, you may keep them;
I'm going to move to New Jersey and won't need them?

LADY GRANTLEY.

From Temple Bar.

The recent death of Dowager Lady Grantley has brought back vividity to my recollection my first acquaintance with her, and the events that led to her marriage. They have somewhat of the flavor of a Romance of the Peerage, and perhaps I may be allowed to briefly record them.

Many years ago-during the fittles, alas:—a brother officer and I started on leave from Malta for a tour in Italy. At Naples I met a dear friend and brother schoolfellow at Eton-Fietcher Norton, then and there attache, the eldest son of the Hon, Mr. and Mrs. Norton. After a few days, during which he had put us on the friendflest terms with the kindest of ambasadors (Sir William Temple). Norton asked us to to go over and stay with him in Caprt, where he was, on account of his health, permitted to pass frequent villegalature. Accordingly, after dinner at the Embassy one piping night in Angust, we embarked in a rowing-boat at the Marina, another attache—recently appointed to one of our highest diplomatic postsmaking a fourth. We arrived at Capri at dawn of a gorgeous Mediterranean morning, the millicolored cliffs rising perpendicularly from the sea, still in purple shadow, while Ana Capri towered brillantly above; and, after a bathe in the Bine Grotto, we sought the welcome shade and refreshment of our host's villa.

"Story" of our initial life! "I have none to tell you"-for it was a

sought the welcome same host's villa.

"Story" of our initial life! "I have none to tell you"—for it was a "Land in which it seemed always afternoon All round the coast the languid air did swoon."

All round the coast the languid air did swoon." "Land in which it seemed always afternoon All round the coast the languid air did sween."

At that time there abode in Capri, with their parents, four very beautiful sisters named Federigo. They were known as the quartro altari, and were the artistic delight of the Neapolitan limners, who never wourled of painting their portraits. The girls' occupation was at their booms, wearing ribbons of straw and silk, while their parents, emphemistically speaking, attended to the farm and the vines.

We were soon received on a friendly footing by the stress—with papa's and mamma's consent—blem entendu; and mamy a pleasant hour was whiled away o' evenings with nandolins, island songs, or "on a balcony"; and Mariuccia, the youngest, when in the veln, would assionish and charm us by her improvisations.